

TRANSMITTED THROUGH CUPID

I Love you, dear—Why, so to Egypt's queen
He spoke—her Anthony, who in disdainful mien
Counted as nothing all that he might gain
So that his love would smile on him again.

I love you, dear—So ardent Romeo cried
While Juliet from her window leaned and sighed,
And, sighing, lured the "tassel gentle" on
To live and love, till life and love were gone.

I love you, dear—So to that charming dame,
Helen of Troy, the word from Paris came,
And all the world in Homer's lines may read
How, for that loving, half a world did bleed.

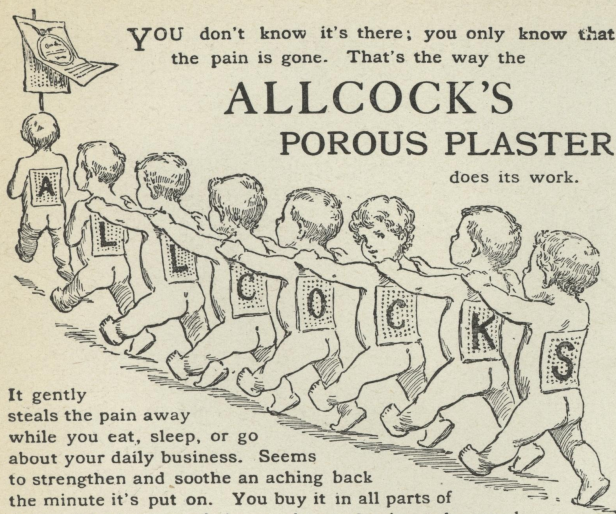
I love you, dear—Ah yes, the words are old.
To many a woman has the tale been told.
And yet, the world grows young, if in your ear
I may but whisper this—I love you, dear.

Walter Learned.

YOU don't know it's there; you only know that the pain is gone. That's the way the

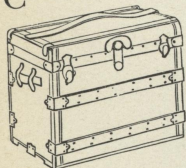
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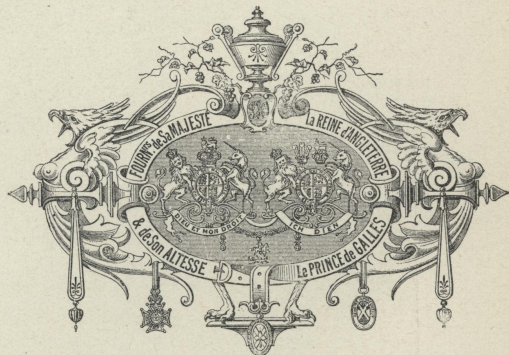
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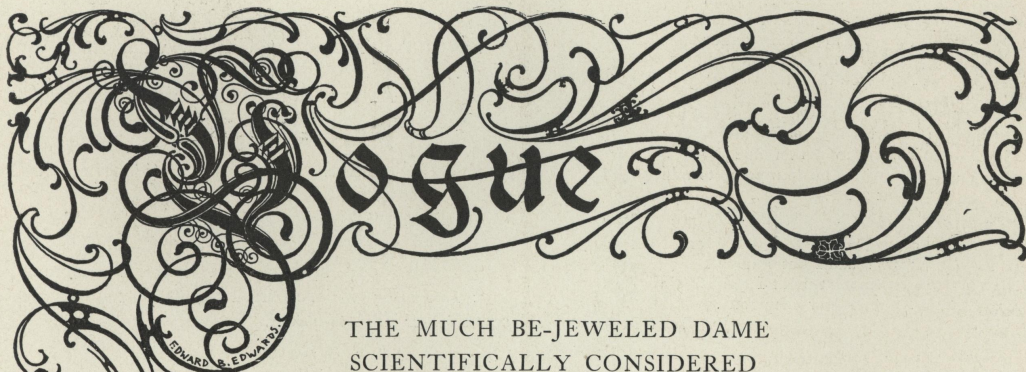
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Gode

THE MUCH BE-JEWELED DAME
SCIENTIFICALLY CONSIDERED

IN the search for scientific truth a very simple thing will often suggest the solution, and against one problem a Q. E. D. has now been written by that simple thing, the average woman.

Nothing could well be more repugnant to her feelings than the idea of having her pretty finger in any kind of a scientific pie; of pointing the philosopher's moral; or adorning the tale of the anthropologist. But quite in her own despite, the pretty creature who imagines she is only thinking of such truly important subjects as the fashions, and the "becoming," is in reality illustrating a theory, and that of the most unpleasantly scientific kind.

Meantime the happy scientist is rejoicing in his wise saws and modern instances. Given the average woman with her mixed ancestry, Saxon, Latin, Teuton, Scandinavian, Celtic, Gallic, Celt-Iberian, Aztec, Aryan—he beholds with joy the maddest vagaries of the toilet, the riot of color, the jingle of trappings, and says, with a satisfied smile: "Ah, yes! Atavism."

Does my lady of to-day decorate herself with ropes of diamonds wreathed from throat to waist; does she thrust nodding, hearse-like plumes in the felt box-cover she is pleased to call a hat; does she wear at her girdle a cluster of gold and silver trinkets, which jingle as she walks? While she fondly fancies she is "following the fashion," the

man of science knows she is "reverting to type." While she thinks she has adopted an entirely original idea in the art of personal decoration, fresh from the studio of Félix or Doucet, he will trace you the ancestry of the idea, from the beaded shoulder and waist fringes of the dark-skinned Nubian, or the Indo-Chinese shoe, to the wood and furs of the primitive Briton and the war-paint and feathers of the aborigines of America.

The probable attitude of the fair creature towards these valuable discoveries can only be conjectured. Will she resent being made the victim of these painful experiments in the vivisection of the toilette? Will she lend herself to the investigation with that enthusiasm which is at once so feminine and so disconcerting? Or will she take refuge in the inalienable prerogative of her sex, shake out her clattering adornments, and continue joyously "to be-jewel herself?"

It is safe to predict that for a time, at least, she will continue to pursue the policy of bedizenment. The opportunity to literally outshine her less fortune-favored sisters is too new and much too enjoyable to be very speedily abandoned. What if one does suggest a locomotive headlight? Suppose the scientist does murmur of beads and squaws? Against the savage the woman will set gem-wearing monarchs, and smilingly continue to display her diamond crowns and ropes until fashion decrees otherwise.

A SUBSTITUTE

B Ehind a tinted ivory fan
One night I saw a face,
'Twas moulded on such marv'lous
plan,
And woo'd by such sweet grace,

That ere I left, an impulse fine
Led me to certain bliss;
And on two lips pursed up to mine
I left a fervent kiss.

That we were watched I dreamed not then,
Alas! had I but known!
For when next night I came again
I found—her chaperone.

Tom Masson.

IN A PARISIAN RESTAURANT

GARÇON: "Qu'est-ce que ces messieurs désirent?"

FIRST AMERICAN: "Charlie, what shall we have?"

SECOND AMERICAN: "The same old stuff, I guess: Spring chicken—they can't cheat us on that."

FIRST AMERICAN (to waiter): "Garçon, un poulet à ressorts."

GARÇON: "Messieurs!!!"

"Comb back," said the first hair to the second.

"Too late; we are parted forever," replied the second. "This is a wig."



A FAILURE

HE: "If your sweet heart a mirror were
Then I might see myself in it."
SHE: "But my reflections of you, Sir,
(If seen) you might not like a bit."

BY PROXY

MR. JOURNALIST: "Are you familiar with the witty things said by Sydney Smith, Miss Percy?"

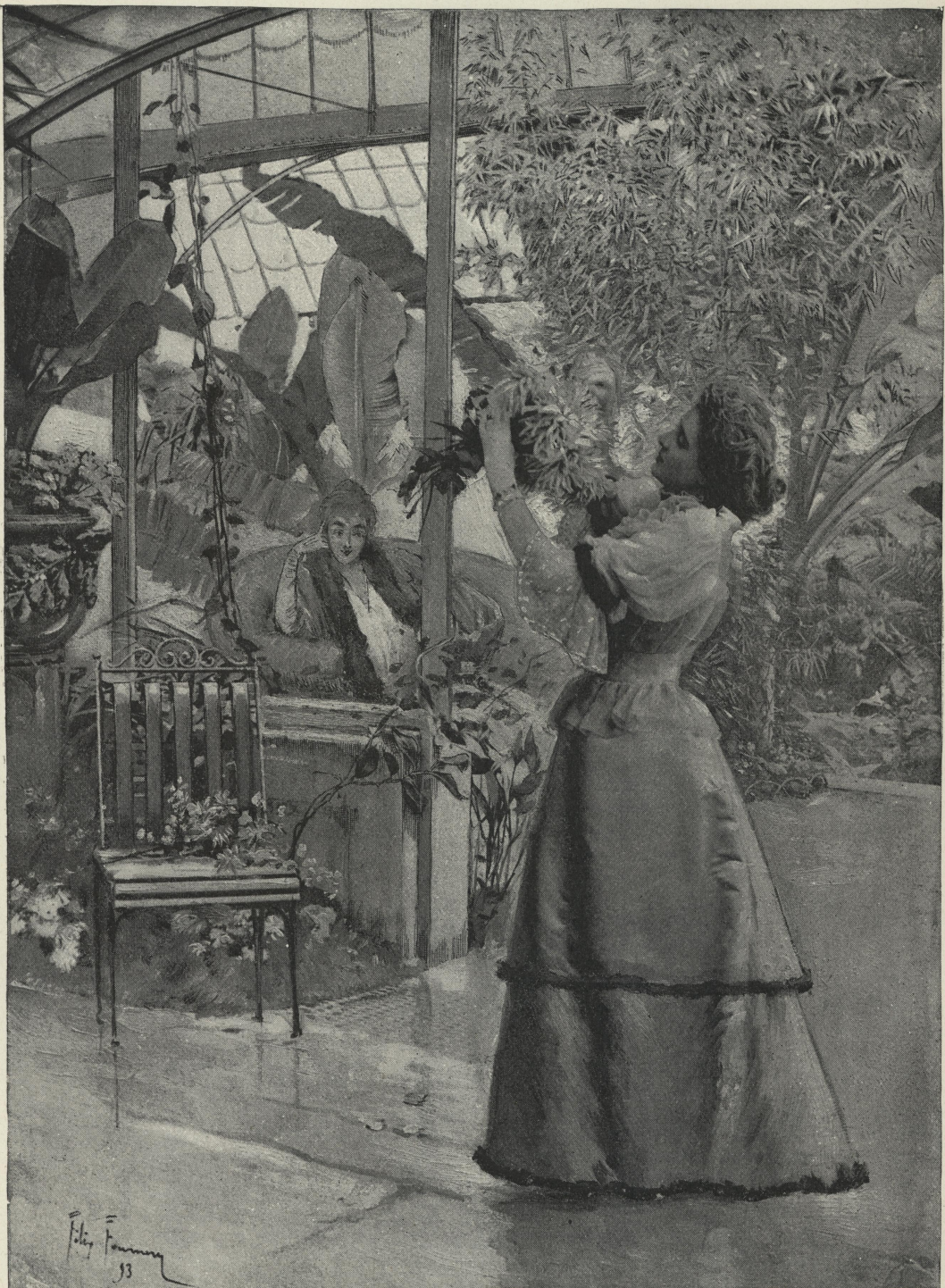
MISS PERCY: "Very slightly, only through your jokes in the funny papers."

GIVING HIM POINTS

"I've been invited to the de Tonti's reception this afternoon," said Charlie Noe. "Will a silk hat be the proper thing?"

"Oh, yes," returned Mawson. "But you want to take it off before you go in, you know."

For description of fashion drawings published in Vogue, see Supplement



Gladys: "You say you are going to marry him, and yet you do not love him?"
Eleanor: "Certainly not; he only asked me to marry him."



OF INTEREST TO HER

I Recently attended a very sumptuous dinner that was a delicious study in yellow, from first to last. The under cover of the table was of apple-green satin, veiled by a cream lace cloth that certainly must have cost a small fortune in itself. The design in the lace was of tulips and ferns, to match the magnificent bowl of these same golden flowers decorating the centre of the board. At all four corners of the table stood tall slender Venetian glass vases, their yellow opalescent tint heightened by gold traceries, and each one filled with double daffodils and smilax. The green wax candles were shaded with yellow silk parasols, and all around the centre-piece were scattered fronds of the delicate lady ferns and heads of single daffodils.

But while the menus carried out these two leading colors in every detail, what particularly attracted our attention was the unusual amount of gold plate displayed. It was simply magnificent, and I never dreamed that even our great millionaires could show such a wealth of the precious metal. Unable to repress my enthusiasm, I commented at length upon the splendor of our hostess's belongings, whereupon she remarked that the collecting of gold plate was a traditional obligation in every branch of her family. She followed up this statement by recounting the peculiarities of the Fitz-Williams of Great Britain, to which noble house she is related.

It appears that the sixth son of the sixth earl was married the other day, and set everyone to talking of the oddities of those eccentric aristocrats. They are hugely rich, have been people of rank for many generations, and hand down their vagaries religiously from father to son. For example, the Fitz-Williams, unlike other great English lords, regard London and the Continent with supreme contempt. When the sons and daughters reach a proper age they travel, are presented at court, have several seasons in town, and are then expected to retire into country life once more. They despise

yachting, scorn Nice, Monte Carlo and the Mediterranean, care nothing for Paris, and live like old feudal chiefs upon the family estates.

Since the days of King Charles the Second every Fitz-William has felt it incumbent upon him to add as generously as possible to the store of family gold plate. Each earl in turn has employed the great goldsmiths of London to make dishes and vessels of rare workmanship, until to-day the Queen alone is able to rival the Fitz-Williams in this particular. When any important function takes place, as the coming of age of an heir, or a daughter's marriage, one hundred and fifty guests are seated in the big baronial dining-room, and on a huge mahogany table black with age, glitters a wealth of gold that emperors might envy.

Also, since King Charles's time the Fitz-Williams have preserved two traditions inviolate. The first of these is never to have one more or less than sixty-three horses in their stable. When death removes hunter or cob, his place is promptly filled, and visit the stalls when you will, the exact sixty-three are ever present. The other idiosyncrasy is to call all the sons William and all the daughters Mary. No matter how many there be William Charles is the heir, and he is known by his first name, while the rest are christened respectively William Henry, William John, William Hugh and William Reginald (who wedded Miss Fox-Lane the second of February). It is the same with the girls, who are Ladies Laura Mary, Alice Mary, Charlotte Mary, Albreda Mary, Grace Mary and so on.

I remember, after commenting at length upon the subject of the Fitz-Williams, we talked of matters nearer home, descending in fact, to the commonplace topic of liveries. One very smart woman present who has recently returned from Paris, told of the new colors she had selected for her establishment. Her brougham, which (as all the really handsome ones are) was built to order, is painted a rich dull green picked out with petunia and lined with hammer cloth of the latter shade. It is of the rather exaggerated sedan chair shape, having a high roof to accommodate her hats and an immense big hand-mirror for toilet purposes thrust down between seat and side. Her horses, a perfect pair of golden bays wear brow bands of petunia velvet, rosettes of the same, and both coachman and groom have lines of petunia down the sides of their trousers, and wide petunia velvet collars on their green melton coats.

While we were drinking our Benedictine in the drawing-room, having left the men behind, some one told the story of that irate maestro who, having been engaged to play for a fashionable musicale, was let in the house by the area way, led up the servant's stairs and invited to remove his over-coat in a maid's room on the fourth floor back. The disagreement that ensued did not actually come to

FOR DESCRIPTION OF FASHION DRAWINGS PUBLISHED IN VOGUE, SEE SUPPLEMENT



Lent.

(A MEDITATION IN CHURCH)

'Tis sweet to put one's cares away
On better things intent—
I wonder why some people say
They're not quite fond of Lent?
I'm sure it rests me just to know
There's naught to do amusing,
And when to church I daily go
How little I am losing!

That lovely anthem! how it stirs
One's heart to new devotion—
Jack says I look so sweet in furs
—He's here! he makes a motion
To me—how wrong! Nell hands her book—
That girl's attentions bore him—
He smiles—in vain—I will not look—
He must be taught decorum!

E. J. C.

blows, but the doubtful courtesy of so receiving and treating an artist, even though he plays for money, has excited a controversy that may lead to better manners in future. It is true that the American aristocrat is of too recent extraction to take liberties and even risks with his position. Yet it does seem a pity he cannot afford to copy his admired European model more closely. Invited to the palaces of royalty artists are for the time being on equal terms with their august hosts, but in New York the white satin ribbon is needed as a safeguard to protect the newly rich and newly great.

Our amiable hostess turned the talk at this point into more cheerful channels, telling us of a delightful Shakespeare class that has been formed recently in the smart set. There are ten women in all, with a skillful professional leader, and once a week they meet and rehearse the plays selected, each member taking part, and analyzing her lines as she reads them. One guest spoke up, and in an authoritative way announced that the renewed interest in private theatricals, tableaux and the like now showing in England would soon find its way over here, and after Lent charades and impromptu stage performances would be à la mode.

WHAT SHE WEARS

Her favorite carriage toilette is a triumph in the luxury and elegance of dress. It was made by a famous Parisian man milliner and cost her very little short of eight hundred dollars complete. The skirt, cut after the latest mode to fit with absolute smoothness over the hips and flare broadly about the feet, is of rich, dead black velvet. It shows no train to speak of, has a double roll of velvet and sable fur around the edge, and after being made up has been elaborately and artistically embroidered with tiny cut jet beads. This rare and costly hand work is in graceful French designs, trailing garlands looped, festooned and caught up with fluttering ribbons all done in the embroidery, that is sunk in the deep pile of the velvet, and sparkles brilliantly with every one of the wearer's movements. Her bodice is of the same expensive stuff, and from her slender waist encircled by a showy corselet of heavy jet, springs an embroidered ruffle that gradually widens into an enormous shoulder frill to fall over the balloon velvet sleeves which are delicately frosted with beading. The tiny bonnet worn with this costume has a deep purple velvet crown, is edged with sable, and in Cleopatra fashion has the golden brown disks of pheasant's feathers nodding to right and left on slender stems. A white satin ribbon, four inches wide and tightly rolled, is twisted about the curly knot of hair at the back, then brought forward, crossed under the chin, and pinned at either side with a pair of superb jeweled flies of sapphires and

diamonds. Her sable muff—rather large by the way—is hung from the neck by a fine gold chain studded with handsome pearls at intervals.

Her newest tea gown is of white crêpe de chine over white satin. While the satin under slip fits her figure like a glove, the crêpe de chine falls in soft folds from a broad band of jonquil velvet that springs from between the shoulders behind. This velvet is brought forward under the bust to give something of the Empire effect, and is tied up between in a big spreading bow. Her sleeves of the lighter fabric are extremely rich and full, being caught up here and there with jonquil rosettes, and the high straight jeweled collar fastening under her rosy chin is of imitation topaz over white satin. With this very smart tea robe she wears white silk stockings of gossamer fineness and a pair of the new silk guipure slippers of the same shade of yellow as her rosettes. These fairy like shoes are in court shape, and are open work, of course, with pointed toes and high heels.

It is truly amusing, just at the moment, to see how greedily she ransacks her mamma's, aye, even her grandmamma's treasure boxes, to discover any old lace collars that might have been laid away in blue paper and white wax long years ago. Fashion has decreed that those who follow her mandates closely shall cut down the necks of their frocks, and pin round them the flat bits of pointed lace that disfigured women several decades since. No one but a beauty, "on her neck the small face buoyant like a bell flower on its stem," should dare attempt this most trying of styles. A round, white, swan-like throat, with perfect contour of head, is absolutely indispensable for a successful revival of the most trying fashion inflicted on women for many a generation. Nevertheless, modish individuals are found with courage to attempt it.

Votaries of fin de siècle styles have discovered that to wear the new flaring skirt, lined with horse hair cloth, a different petticoat is imperative. Unless stoutly braced from beneath, the jupe falls in awkward folds and sticks out stupidly directly in front. To obviate this, she is having full petticoats made of the crisp glacé silk, flounced nearly up to the waist with narrow ruffles. Or, in the evening, if she likes her underskirt of wash material, it is starched like a board, and serves the same purpose.

Some of her theatre bonnets and hats are the daintiest and prettiest trifles imaginable. One that she wears with a frock of dark green velvet, having heliotrope sleeves and undervest, is of pale, coarse yellow straw, roughly woven into a quaint flat piece to rest on the top of her black undulèd locks. Directly in front a big bunch of crystalized violets stands erect, and to right and left at the back are rosettes of brilliant scarlet velvet. Velvet strings of the same shade are twisted around her Psyche knot, crossed under the chin, and pinned

at either side with exquisite jewels, violets cut out of amethysts and sparkling with diamonds.

Another one, a hat, she combines with a gray bengaline that has emerald velvet sleeves, a gray velvet Figaro jacket, and green fichu and girdle, is of pearl colored velvet, ornamented with big green rosettes. At the left spring three huge lilac asters with jeweled hearts of imitation brilliants and topaz.

She and her maid are now anxiously engaged in training her soft, straight, well-groomed hair to roll away in gentle waves from a white part that runs directly down the middle of her head. She wishes to comb it so that it will fall very slightly over her forehead, cover the extreme upper tips of her ears, and then twist behind into a small knot. Into this she will thrust an exaggeratedly tall gold comb, banded with pearls and diamonds, and with every point tipped with either a pear-shaped pearl or pure white brilliant.



AS SEEN BY HIM

PREPARATIONS FOR TRAVEL CONTINUED—GOLF
—SOME STRAY NOTES ON EVENING ATTIRE
FOR MEN

IN my trunk I have placed my golf suit—I had it made in England last summer, where by the way, golf is a novelty, as it has been confined to Scotland, where for centuries it was the popular game enjoyed alike by prince and people.

Now it is likely to take the place of tennis as the latter sport has crept quite out of fashion in England.

At Cedarhurst and at Southampton there are "links" and I am glad to see that the game is gaining in favor in this country.

The word "links" is correctly translated by the English term "downs"—a long stretch of rough or smooth grassy land by the sea. Though frequently covered with "bent" grass, it is really a stretch of sand reclaimed from the sea by natural process.

My golf suit, as I have said before, is of tweed—a tweed suit of knickerbockers. The coat is a Norfolk jacket—that most absurd article of apparel which young fools used for every day wear two years ago, but which in this case has its purpose. The tweed should be a light Scotch one, and braces ought not to be worn, but a belt. The cap may be a Tam o'Shanter, but I use the little Glengarry which is universal now in the British Army as a forage cap. It sticks to the head in the highest wind and is quite becoming. Thick woolen stockings and stout shoes—the Scotch brogues, uppers soft, with a broad welt and broad heel are preferable—complete the golf toilet.

Among the tools used are the play club, the putter, the cleck, heavy and light irons, three or four kinds of spoons, the grass driver and the niblick. The play club is used for big shots from the tee and elsewhere when you get your ball in a good place. You must have a putter and a cleck. It is with the putter that the science of the game is conducted. The cleck is a generally useful tool and on emergency, if you know how to use it, you can do pretty much anything with it. Its chief use, however, is getting the ball from hazards out of bushes, pits, furze, etc.

The principal golf sticks are of wood. The driver should have a strong shaft, not too supple or springy, the head of medium weight and well-proportioned. Whenever the ball lies in good position along the links or green, this club may be used. It is firmly grasped at one end, the fists being closed over it and close together, so as to give plenty of swing and power. The club should describe as large an arc of a circle as possible; it should be raised, therefore, or thrown back over the right shoulder, the hands being about on a level with the ear. This elevation is slow and studied, for the eyes are contemplating the ball. Though the descent of the club is very swift, skill is of more value than strength of stroke.

The position of the body is of great moment when striking. The feet are well apart, and the whole posed so that not an ounce of weight is lost. Much skill has to be used in wielding the putter, which comes into play when the ball gets close to the hole.

The game, as you know, is not intricate, but like dancing, it cannot be learned from books. I have not seen any literature on the subject in this country save a long article last spring in one of the Sunday newspapers, which was as confusing as it was misleading. The rules of the Royal St. Andrew's Club can be had for a few shillings by asking your bookseller to send for the book, and Gordon Stables has written a little treatise on the subject.

The game is simple enough. It is usually played by two persons, one on a side; or four, two a side, playing alternately. It is to drive the ball

from one hole to another round the links or green into a final hole or goal, in as small a number of strokes as possible, so that it is the lowest score that wins, not the highest. The holes may be from four to five hundred yards apart, so that to get up after the best of strokes you may have to use the driver. Besides, of course, the ball may get into many awkward places, and may want different tools to extricate it from such hazards. One round of the links, or eighteen holes, is considered a match. The ball must be tee'd not nearer the hole than eight club lengths, and not further than twelve.

I could go on thus in my enthusiasm, and give all the rules of my favorite game. When a man has a hobby, he becomes a bore, so I will not let you further into the mysteries of teeing and holing. As you know, the implements are so many that one is obliged to have a boy whom gallant Scots call the "caddie" or "cuddie," to follow up and carry one's tools. It has been thus sneered at as an "old man's game." In my tropical preserves I have a number of ebony gamins, who match the climate and the entourage. And really, the thought of the week's sport has had such an effect upon me that I am already perspiring at every pore, and have been obliged to ring for brandy and soda.

A CONSERVATIVE VIEW OF SUITABLE EVENING ATTIRE FOR MEN

"Dear Him:"

There are a great many men in America who, although well born and well bred, have absolutely no idea of what is proper in the matter of dress. This is usually attributable to carelessness rather than ignorance. It often however, places men in uncomfortable positions; when, for instance, one finds himself the only man in a drawing-room who is not in proper evening dress. It is not that his clothes are not good and well-fitting, but simply that they are inappropriately worn and make him conspicuous. For this reason, I have decided to offer for publication in your department a few suggestions, both as a summary of what you have written and as the results of my own observations.

To begin with—evening dress should never be worn before six o'clock; in these days when people dine so late it is seldom worn as early. Ordinarily, at home, a man may wear a black sack coat with silk collar, waistcoat and trousers to match. With this coat, which is called a "dinner" coat, should always be worn a black cravat, not made up, but tied by the wearer in a simple bow knot. This style of costume is suitable only for most informal dinners at home, or in summer, at the houses of one's intimate friends. With what is usually called a dress coat (swallow-tail),

should be worn always, except when in mourning, a white lawn cravat tied in a bow knot; this may be starched or not, as the wearer prefers, but is somewhat trimmer looking if starched. With this coat a black waistcoat may be worn. It should be single-breasted, with black buttons. In case a white waistcoat is preferred (it is usually considered more dressy), it should be made of piqué or some similar fabric that can be washed. It should be single-breasted, with buttons covered with the material, or else plain pearl buttons. Apropos of buttons, it is well always to avoid anything conspicuous, no matter how costly. Plain pearl buttons may be worn in the front of the shirt, or plain gold studs, or even silver. Oriental pearls are often worn; these, if not too large, are to be preferred.

Even though a man is in mourning he should wear evening dress. He may wear the dinner coat, etc., as described above, or the swallow-tail with a black silk (not satin) cravat. White waistcoats should not be worn with black cravats nor with dinner coats, neither should a man in mourning wear satin facings and satin cravat. Plain black silk is best. A very important part of evening dress is the foot gear—plain black silk hose with patent leather pumps are best. Some men prefer low shoes; in this case they should be made without toe-caps. A great many young men wear elaborate embroidered hose, but this class also is apt to wear jewelled studs, rings, etc. It is the man in the perfectly laundered, well-fitting plain linen shirt, white starched cravat, plain studs, well brushed and pressed clothes, plain black silk stockings and pumps who makes the best appearance. And the man in the embroidered or tucked shirt front fastened with jeweled studs, watered silk facings, white silk waistcoat, gold buttons, gorgeously embroidered hose is not "in it."

"Patriarch, Jr."

PRECAUTION

GOLDRICH: "I've fixed it so that there will be no contest over my will."

SILVERCASH: "Impossible!"

GOLDRICH: "Not at all. I've left everything to the lawyers."





LEAVES FROM A DÉBUTANTES DIARY—PAGE 4 AND LAST

THE DARLARNA

(By Edith Brower)

IN TWO PARTS

Part II

* * * * *

THE Lords lingered for a while after the minuet, to congratulate their friends upon succeeding so well in their first attempt to render such an intricate and exacting dance.

As they were all going out together, Mr. Lord suddenly stopped in the doorway and looked back. "What is that?" he asked in an excited voice. His wife had never before heard him speak otherwise than in well-modulated and measured tones. "What are they going to dance?" he said, stepping back into the hall.

A train of twenty-four young men and maidens, each couple hand in hand, were skipping around the circle, tossing their heads from side to side and swinging their arms like merry children. The accompanying music was of a boisterous, rollicking character, having an oddly placed thumping emphasis.

Mr. Lord stood stock still, staring like a very animated dummy. Presently he turned to his wife and said in a gleeful way: "It is the Swedish Wedding Dance."

"Is it —?" she replied, puzzled by his manner.

"Yes—the Swedish Wedding Dance," he repeated, as if to himself; then, to her amazement, instead of going out, he moved toward the seats, motioning her to follow. They found vacant chairs and he made her sit down, but he himself remained standing, never taking his gaze from the bucolic revelers. Mrs. Lord, on the other hand, could not take her gaze from her husband. He was strangely excited. His blue eyes had lost their usual velvety look and glowed with an inner opaline light. He seemed restively alive, like a blooded horse held back at the opening of the race. A hitch came in the dance and at a signal from the director the music ceased.

"Excuse me for a few moments," said Mr. Lord to his wife; "I wish to speak with the director," and he crossed the floor hastily.

Mrs. Lord sat still and wondered. What had come over this deliberate, languidly elegant man, who would rather lose a train than hurry his steps beyond a certain point? And why, when he would take so little interest in the minuet, should he be so agog about this roystering Swedish dance? He was now talking with animation to the director—arguing, insisting. The director was looking surprised, displeased, amazed. Now the head couple was called up to join in the discussion. The head couple appeared at first disappointed, then acquiescent. At length the director summoned another couple. Mrs. Lord had already noted these two as being the most awkward and

unpromising of the dancers. A long conversation followed, as a result of which the second couple withdrew rather sulkily from the floor.

Mrs. Lord was vaguely speculating upon the meaning of all this when her husband returned in company with the director.

"My dear," said he, with boyish eagerness, "I have been making arrangements to dance in this set. We are to be the head couple, that is, the bridal pair. It has been pointed out to me in the most delicate manner possible"—here he bowed profoundly to the director—"that in a dance of this kind the suppleness of youth is preferable to the stiff-jointedness of extreme old age; also that bald heads are utterly out of place. But I remain obdurate." Then bantering and in clever mimicry of his wife's manner—"I have set my heart on this. Will you come now?" offering his arm; "one of the couples has obligingly given up their places to us," and before Mrs. Lord was able to take in the astounding fact, she and her husband were bouncing along, hand in hand, like two veritable peasants, at the head of the Darlarna Wedding dance.

The director's disappointment at failing to secure the Lords for the minuet, vanished completely when this graceful and distinguished couple pranced down the stage as the Swedish Bridal Pair. Never before had the director found such a bridal pair. They knew exactly what to do without being told.

"You have done this before," said the director to Mrs. Lord.

"No, I only follow my husband."

"Then he has already danced it."

"I have seen it danced," said Mr. Lord in his stateliest manner.

And indeed, it was quite evident that he had. He performed certain gestures and movements which the director, in adapting the dance to gentle folks, had not dared to introduce. For example, in the stamping figure, Mr. Lord seized his wife by the elbows, raised her on high and set her down with a not very gentle thump. This did not displease the director, since it added a flavor to the modified figure. If Mr. Chesterfield Lord was willing to act the peasant, let him do it, by all means.

But the most wonderful thing was not his knowledge of the dance; it was his enjoyment of it. The extreme old age of which he had boasted, while it had taken hairs from his head, had taken no suppleness from his frame; arms, legs, back, all seemed newly lubricated. He fairly capered through the mazes of the March. He appeared unconscious of anybody's presence save his own and his wife's, and she could not always feel certain that he was conscious even of her. He still wore his ulster, but its weight did not prevent him from bounding like a rubber ball. When he lifted the tiny Lady Margaret, he went up with her, ris-

ing at least a foot in the air. When the time came for the swains to kneel and slap the floor, Mr. Lord was the first to fall, while the dust he raised with the palms of his hands was a sight to behold.

He also understood well all that arching-of-the-arm business, that coquettish turning of the head and rapturously-gazing-into-your-partner's-eyes business. Most of the young men were shame-faced about this matter, but seeing Mr. Lord throw himself with such abandon into painted-fan attitudes, they took heart and went through the figure without compunction.

Mrs. Lord, inspired by her husband's enthusiasm, danced as if by instinct. She was carried off her feet in a double sense; all seemed at once novel and familiar. In the midst of strange sensations, she yet questioned not the strangeness; it did not now occur to her to ask how the superb, exclusive Chesterfield should so forget himself as to join in a promiscuous public affair, nor did she think to wonder at his intimate familiarity with this rude, plebeian dance. Afterwards, when the excitement of the evening was over, these questions did come to her, but as Mr. Lord made no apologies for his conduct nor explanations of any sort, she thought it well to treat the thing as a matter of course.

Yet it became difficult to express no surprise when her husband continued to show as much eagerness in attending the rehearsals as he had evinced on the opening night. She relieved herself by taking counsel with Mrs. Jumper, whose husband's people were notably queer, and whose husband was queer too, in a nice way. Mrs. Jumper must know all the ins and outs of queer-ness.

But that lady did not seem greatly impressed by what Mrs. Lord told of Chesterfield's sudden and alarming attack of queer-ness. All she said was, "My dear Mrs. Lord, when you have been married a few years more, you will then have learned that the man whom you so reverence for his deep and subtle intellect and innate dignity of character, is just a great simple boy—don't look so horrified, I know what I'm saying. Men are the simplest, most naïve of beings; this doesn't interfere with any excellence they may have, either of character or intellect; all great things are simple. To my mind men are the more attractive for this boyishness. But whether you like it or not, you must expect it; it's liable to break out any time, and naturally, the older they are, the odder it seems. But there's nothing really queer about it, it's all in the way of nature."

"I have thought," said Mrs. Lord, reflectively, "that perhaps this was a direct result of my influence upon Chesterfield—his not wanting to go into this dance, I mean. I am so much younger than he, you know, and I truly believe I am better

suited to him than a much cleverer woman would be. I don't ask him to give up his books, yet I keep him in touch with another side of life, and that is good for him. He was always so fond of study—never cared for society—"; here Mrs. Jumper's card-case slid out of her lap. Mrs. Lord picked it up and went on—"he really was getting a little lop-sided. I'm sure I'm the very best wife he could have, and this kirmess has made me surer. You know I'm his first love."

These last words were spoken in a joyously confiding way.

"Yes?" said Mrs. Jumper, and her eyebrows rose gently with the inflection in her voice. "Then you have had a great deal to develop in him."

"Oh! so much," exclaimed Mrs. Lord.

Mr. Lord began very soon to talk about his costume. This relieved his wife greatly. She had feared lest he did not realize that all these practicings implied a public presentation. But having put his foot to the dance, so to speak, however impulsively, Mr. Lord was not the one to turn back. About a week after the first rehearsal, sitting one evening with a book before him, apparently drowned in the deep, deep sea of Political Economy, he emerged far enough to say: "My dearest, haven't you a point lace collar?"

Mrs. Lord looked up from her book—I won't divulge what book it was—and heroically suppressing a smile, replied:

"Yes, certainly, a very broad one of old Venetian point. Don't you remember? It was my wedding present from Aunt Margaret. She wore it at her own wedding."

"It will be just the thing for me to wear—"

"For you!" gasped Mrs. Lord.

"Yes; you know Swedish bridegrooms decorate themselves regardless."

"Oh!"

Mrs. Lord breathed again; she was not thinking of Swedish bridegrooms just then, and a ludicrous vision had risen before her of Mr. Lord with her point lace collar over his broadcloth coat. "Of course you may have it," she said.

Satisfied on this point, Mr. Lord returned to his Political Economy.

But the lace collar was something to be lived up to, and the Lady Margaret's chest of drawers was destined to bring forth more things, both new and old, to enrich the costume of the lordly Chesterfield. Nothing was too good for him.

"Where's that silver chain, Peggy?"

Peggy pulled out a curious chain, nearly two yards in length, each link delicately chased, its clasp a heavy lump of silver cut in strange designs. This had been her mother's. She had intended to wear it herself, thinking it would show well over her black velvet bodice, but if Chesterfield wanted it he should have it, the darling, vain old fellow. Moreover, Chesterfield wanted that exquisite crêpe

scarf of China pink; it was fully three-quarters of a yard wide, with long, thick fringe.

When the time came for getting the costumes, would Mr. Lord consent to wearing a hired one? Not he! He must have silk hose, and patent leather pumps, with sold silver buckles. He purchased the best blue satin to be found for his short jacket and knee breeches, and had them made up by his tailor. When it came to this the Lady Margaret remonstrated, suggesting that her dressmaker could do that sort of work quite as well, and ever so much cheaper.

I wish you could have seen Mr. Chesterfield Lord when he heard this suggestion.

So the suit was beautifully made up by Gross, Klein & Co., and Mr. Lord being thoroughly pleased with it, there was nothing more to be said. He did consent to let his wife attend to the making of his full-sleeved shirt, only stipulating that it should be of the finest lawn.

"What about your suspenders, Chesterfield?" said Mrs. Lord, one day. "You know they are the most important part of the costume. Can you hire them separately?"

"I—er—I have them, my dear," he said, a little awkwardly.

And sure enough, he did have them, and very handsome they were; worked in bright green silk, the design being the Swedish myrtle, which is always worn by brides in Sweden. Mrs. Lord would have felt surprised at these suspenders, only that she had already supped full on surprises. Yet she did find room for one more surprise when Mr. Lord brought home two wigs, one blonde for himself,—which seemed all right,—one dark, for her. This dark wig troubled her. A Swedish maiden would be very likely to have light hair, and Mrs. Lord's red blonde locks were surely more suitable than those long black curls. Perhaps Chesterfield wished to make the contrast between them stronger. With this surmise she contented herself.

When Mr. Lord came down to dinner on the evening of the first presentation of the dances, his wife gave a little shriek.

"Chesterfield! where's your moustache?"

"Up stairs, my dear."

She could say no more, but in the middle of dinner she began to cry.

"My poor little Peggy, what's the matter?"

"It will t-take you years, and years and years and years to raise such a l-lovely moustache again," she blubbered out, "h-how could you do it just for this horrid old k-kirmess?"

"I didn't do it for the kirmess, my love."

"For what then?"

"For 'Auld Lang Syne,' my dear. I wanted to see how it would feel to be young again, quite young, and I could not do that, you know, with that old white concern under my nose."

"Chesterfield, you are growing positively vulgar; I never heard you talk so."

"If I were twenty-five instead of fifty-three, you would not call what I said vulgar."

"Perhaps not, but dear Chesterfield, don't you remember what somebody, I forget who, says: 'What we lack attracts us?' Now it was your elegance that most of all attracted me, just because I hadn't any myself—or only the least little bit."

"Well, Peggy sweet, when this horrid old kirmess is over, I'll promise to prick up and be elegant again."

* * * * *

If ever a man could be called beautiful, the Swedish bridegroom was beautiful that night. His face, divested of its tell-tale white moustache and surrounded by blonde wavy locks—he would not wear the grey felt hat—looked the face of a youngster of twenty. The broad collar of rich lace set off his clear, pure tints, giving the whole head the effect of a painting on ivory. His blue satin garments, fitting perfectly a form of which any youngster might well be proud, caught the light and reflected it no less strikingly than did his dilated, glowing eyes. No one seeing him for the first time could have dreamed his age, and some of his acquaintances actually asked the name of "that good-looking young fellow at the head."

Mrs. Lord, thanks to her dark wig, was also disguised. For this she felt thankful after fully realizing the publicity of the affair. She had frequently taken part in private theatricals, but the idea of dancing before a public audience nearly overcame her at the last moment. But her youthful spouse was not overcome. How he did dance, to be sure! As one might dance to save his soul, supposing souls could be saved through the toes. His wife was a worthy partner; her whole frame seemed interpenetrated by the spirit which animated his. After the first momentary stage-fright was over, she forgot all save that she and he were together. The train of peasants vanished, the audience became a mere blurred mass; their applause sounded as if from a vast distance; she and this radiant, glorious bridegroom were dancing on, on, through infinitude, alone. His look almost appalled her at times, so unearthly was it; it made her feel that not her Chesterfield, but another man, was floating along with her, or else that she was some other woman—those dark curls streaming over her bosom aided this sensation. She tossed the unfamiliar tresses back out of sight, and the strange feeling vanished. No, there was no other woman; there could not be. How could she for one minute have thought so? Now he was kneeling at her feet, looking up at her as he had never looked before, and all the peasants were shouting



WHAT HE WROTE

If life were not so sad, love;
If sunsets never came;
If love were always glad, love,

And death were but a game;
I'd ask your life for mine, love,
And dream to make it bright.

"IF"

HER ANSWER

If life were not so bright, love,
The world were not so gay;
If love were not so light, love,

Flew not so soon away;
I'd give my life to you, love,
For you to keep alway.

their huzzas in her ears. The Darlarna dance was over.

* * * * *

Mr. Lord slept very late next morning. When his wife went into his room to waken him, he lay with the same smile upon his face that she had seen and wondered at the night before, when he knelt in the dance. He was talking in his sleep. Leaning over him she listened, trying to make out the words, but his utterance was confused and unintelligible.

"Chesterfield!" she said gently.

He turned a little and spoke a name—but not hers; the name was—"Olga!"

* * * * *

When the kirmess closed the Swedish bridegroom was very tired. He had danced to the end with increasing grace and zest, while some of the young men were complaining of weariness and lack of interest. But his reaction was correspondingly severe. Home seemed more attractive than ever, and it was nearly a week before Mrs. Lord could persuade him to go out. "My dear," he would say, "I've had my fun and I've learned my lesson too. The lesson is a decidedly unpleasant one. It is that while you may be the happier and the more agreeable for having a young heart at fifty, yet you're not the same man you were at twenty-five and there's no use in pretending you are. Confess, now, Lady Margaret," and he pulled her down upon his knee, "didn't you love me better in that toggery and wig than you do now in this unromantic costume and ugly skull cap? tell me the truth."

Lady Margaret put her head on one side and looked thoughtfully at him. Then slowly: "You were certainly beautiful in all that toggery; you seemed something unearthly, but—do you know—I could never feel that you belonged to me; it wasn't my Chesterfield that danced the Darlarna."

"Whose Chesterfield was it then?"

She half closed her eyes, remaining so for some moments. Lifting her head at length and gazing full at her husband, she asked simply, in quiet tones:

"Who is Olga?"

"Olga?"

"Yes, Olga."

"I don't know any one named Olga," he too, spoke quietly.

"But you dream of her."

"What are you talking about, Peggy?"

"Do you remember the morning after the first performance when I came into your room to wake you? You were talking in your sleep, but the only word I could make out was Olga."

He looked grave. Presently he began to smile and the smile soon changed to a good-natured laugh.

"Peggy," said he, "you've found me out.

Although I do not now know any one named Olga, once I did. So I told you the truth, you see. But do not fear that poor Olga—she is dead."

"Chesterfield, did you love her—that poor Olga?"

"Yes, I believe I did."

"Then you have not always told me the truth, Chesterfield."

"If I deceived you, I deceived myself, dear. Ask any man and he will tell you that his latest love always seems, not only the truest, but the only one."

"Then Olga once seemed the truest, the only one?" There was a pitiful hesitation in the little wife's utterance of these words, but she added bravely,—"Tell me all about her."

"I will; it is far better that I should. When you know all you will see how little you have to fear. Twenty-three years ago—you were then a little baby, Peggy,—I was traveling in Europe. I had spent several years studying in France and Germany, and my studies over, I started sight-seeing and visiting, too, for I was well furnished with introductions. Stockholm attracted me greatly. I stayed there long enough to know many people well, and to feel perfectly at home. In one house I spent two months. The people were wealthy, cultured, and of high rank. The youngest daughter of the family was Olga. She was then eighteen, I, thirty, yet she seemed old for her years; while I, in the course of three decades, had not yet laid aside childish things. I was simply a great boy—educated, it is true, to some extent worldly-wise, but none the less a youngster. It was hard to get acquainted with Olga. She talked little to strangers; even with her own family she was reticent. While the others talked, sang, or played games, she sat in a corner, with her embroidery. But she was far from dull; her sympathy pervaded everything. The eldest brother used to call her Mademoiselle Falstaff, because she was 'the cause of wit in others.'

"I can never jest so brilliantly," he would say, "as when Olga sits in her corner listening."

"This rare quality, at once so unobtrusive, yet so strongly felt, was singularly attractive. I, myself, got into the way of talking for the express benefit of that corner and its occupant.

"One of the sisters was to be married during my stay, and the great house was turned upside down with preparations. This sister, Elvira, took it into her head that the performance of the National Wedding Dance must be a part of the festivities. So, among the guests in the house—there were about fifty of them—enough were found to make a suitable wedding train. Olga was assigned to me for partner. Then it was that I really came to know her. Olga in the dance was a different being from Olga in the corner. The rhythmical movements seemed to unlock her mind and to loosen her tongue; and when I once got inside,

the way to her heart was not hard to find. Shall I go on, Peggy? You really want to hear more?"

"Oh, yes, please go on, it is so interesting. But tell me one thing;—had Olga black hair?"

"Yes, long black curls."

"Oh-h! I understand. But go on."

"Our costumes were made in exact imitation of those worn by the peasants—"

"There's one thing more I want to ask; where did you get those suspenders?"

"Olga embroidered them for me."

"And you've kept them ever since?"

"Ever since."

"Don't tell me any more to-night, dear. Some other time. I'm not really jealous of Olga."

"You need not be, since she is dead. Let me go on: She died very soon after. It is now so long ago that, to tell you the truth, I had nearly forgotten her. But that first night of the kirmess rehearsals, when the Darlarna Dance began, all came back upon me with a rush. I was my old young self again. I saw the castle, the guests, the high-born peasants tripping through the vast ancient hall. I saw Olga—in fact, it was a sort of backward metempsychosis, like that of the man who found he was his own grandfather. I believe no power on earth but palsy could have kept me from going into that dance."

Mrs. Lord put her head on her husband's shoulder and was silent for a long while. "So I'm not your first love," she said at length; "but," suddenly sitting upright, "after all, you forgot Olga." Then meditatively: "Perhaps it is better to be a man's last love than his first. It seems a little surer,"—her voice trembled, and two tears rolled out.

"My pretty Peggy."

"Oh, it's for Olga I'm crying; I'm so sorry for her; I wouldn't be Olga—dead and forgotten; I'd rather be Peggy." The tearful eyes shot out prismatic colors.

"Yes, it's always better to be Peggy, the last and the truest. Don't feel afraid of my past, dear; all experiences are so much education, and though most folks don't know it, love has to be learned like anything else; yes, and practiced. Seems funny, doesn't it? but it's true. Now I'm glad of all your little flirtations; glad even that you were engaged to that foolish Ben Bolt. I should not have wanted the earliest love you had to give—very callow it was, I am sure. And mine was callow in those Sweden days, for men are slower of heart-development than women. It took me many years more to know myself fully and what I wanted—needed, rather. So, dear, in one sense it may be truly said that of the real Chesterfield you are both the first love and the last."

And so it happened; for he died the first, and pretty Peggy married again.

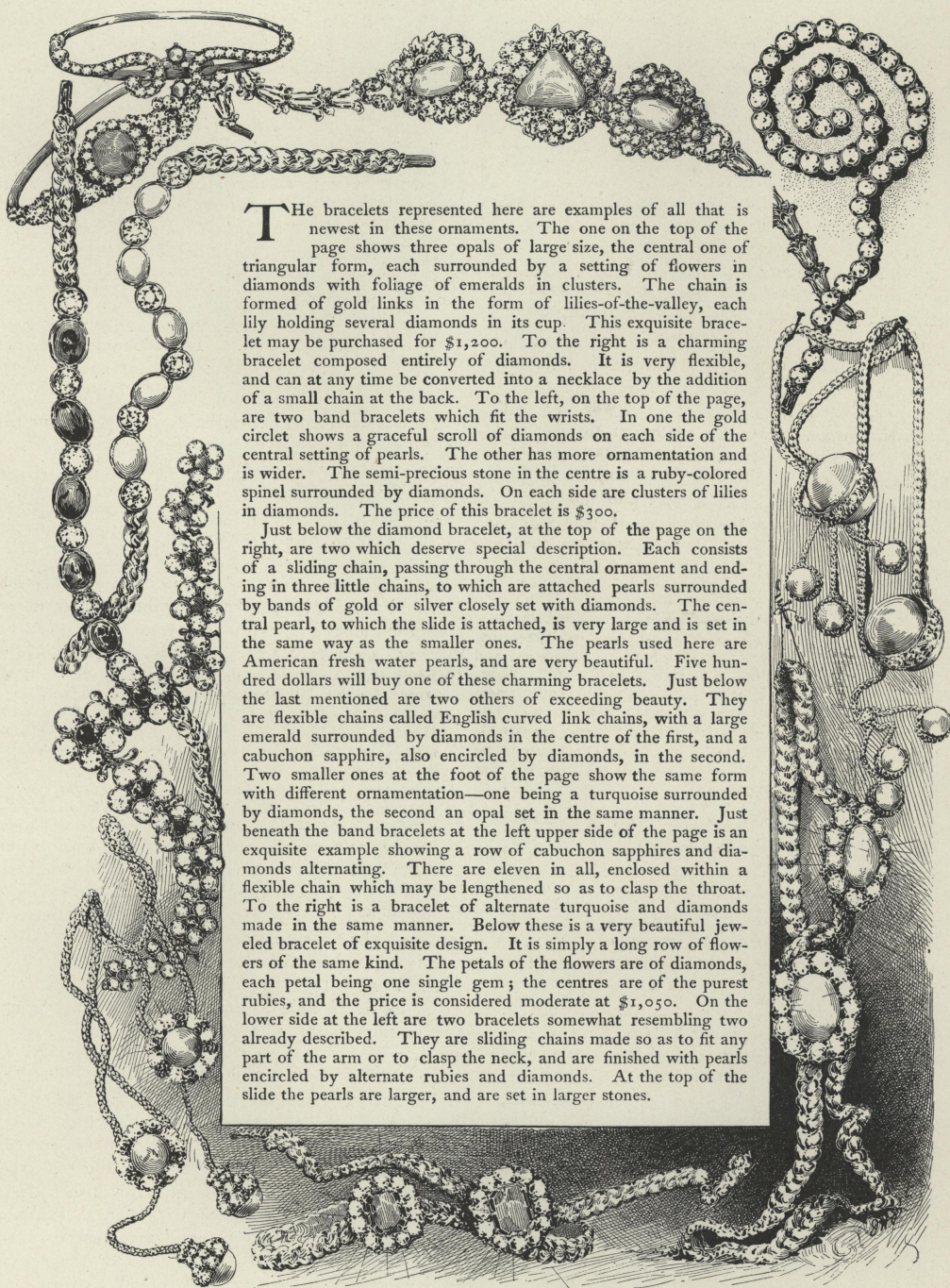
The End.

PLAY HOUSE GOSSIP

WHEN Frank R. Stockton's social fantasy, *Squirrel Inn*, was produced, last month, by the Theatre of Arts and Letters, it was necessary that a baby should be introduced on the stage. It was also necessary that the audience should hear an infant's cry. Both were forthcoming. Elbridge T. Gerry recognized that the Theatre was a private club, and so he kindly allowed the baby to appear. The squeal, however, was too much for Mr. Gerry, and as President of the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children, he dictated a long letter of protest. The letter, I hold, is an excellent tribute to the perfection of our modern realism, for, as a matter of fact, the squeal was mechanical, and was produced by means known only to the property man. The account books of the Theatre show this item: "Due property man, for one baby's squeal—ten cents."

I understand that J. M. Hill is very anxious to have Reginald de Koven compose the music for an operatic-comedy for production next season. The idea of course was suggested by "Miss Helyett." Mr. de Koven has the matter under consideration. He has contracted to compose an opera-comique to succeed the Fencing Master, if the Fencing Master ever needs a successor. The most important project that Mr. de Koven has on hand, though, is to compose the score for a grand opera. With this idea in view, he has had some talk with Henry Guy Carlton, whose remarkably brilliant work in his unpublished tragedy, *Memnon*, makes it seem altogether probable that he, of all men in this country, could write a grand opera libretto of sufficient dignity and interest.

With the return of A. M. Palmer's company and the opening of the Empire Theatre, the number of stock companies in New York is doubled, and dramatic art, in this vicinity, at least, is accordingly benefited. Our unfortunate road system has almost wiped out stock companies in this country, and with the exception of Boston, where the Museum Company manages to linger along, New York is now the only city that has any. I am very glad to be able to say in this connection that before many months have passed there will be still another stock company established here. Ever since the very successful engagement of Charles and Rose Coghlan in *Diplomacy*, at the Star Theatre, in the fall, the idea has been in Miss Coghlan's mind to organize a stock company, to present both new and standard plays. She has now made up her mind unalterably in favor of her idea, and she will have associated with her, as leading man, that intelligent and forceful actor and dramatist, Charles Coghlan. The nucleus of the company will be the cast now supporting Miss Coghlan in *Diplomacy*, which contains Sadie Martinot, Frederic De Belville and John T. Sullivan.



The bracelets represented here are examples of all that is newest in these ornaments. The one on the top of the page shows three opals of large size, the central one of triangular form, each surrounded by a setting of flowers in diamonds with foliage of emeralds in clusters. The chain is formed of gold links in the form of lilies-of-the-valley, each lily holding several diamonds in its cup. This exquisite bracelet may be purchased for \$1,200. To the right is a charming bracelet composed entirely of diamonds. It is very flexible, and can at any time be converted into a necklace by the addition of a small chain at the back. To the left, on the top of the page, are two band bracelets which fit the wrists. In one the gold circlet shows a graceful scroll of diamonds on each side of the central setting of pearls. The other has more ornamentation and is wider. The semi-precious stone in the centre is a ruby-colored spinel surrounded by diamonds. On each side are clusters of lilies in diamonds. The price of this bracelet is \$300.

Just below the diamond bracelet, at the top of the page on the right, are two which deserve special description. Each consists of a sliding chain, passing through the central ornament and ending in three little chains, to which are attached pearls surrounded by bands of gold or silver closely set with diamonds. The central pearl, to which the slide is attached, is very large and is set in the same way as the smaller ones. The pearls used here are American fresh water pearls, and are very beautiful. Five hundred dollars will buy one of these charming bracelets. Just below the last mentioned are two others of exceeding beauty. They are flexible chains called English curved link chains, with a large emerald surrounded by diamonds in the centre of the first, and a cabuchon sapphire, also encircled by diamonds, in the second. Two smaller ones at the foot of the page show the same form with different ornamentation—one being a turquoise surrounded by diamonds, the second an opal set in the same manner. Just beneath the band bracelets at the left upper side of the page is an exquisite example showing a row of cabuchon sapphires and diamonds alternating. There are eleven in all, enclosed within a flexible chain which may be lengthened so as to clasp the throat. To the right is a bracelet of alternate turquoise and diamonds made in the same manner. Below these is a very beautiful jeweled bracelet of exquisite design. It is simply a long row of flowers of the same kind. The petals of the flowers are of diamonds, each petal being one single gem; the centres are of the purest rubies, and the price is considered moderate at \$1,050. On the lower side at the left are two bracelets somewhat resembling two already described. They are sliding chains made so as to fit any part of the arm or to clasp the neck, and are finished with pearls encircled by alternate rubies and diamonds. At the top of the slide the pearls are larger, and are set in larger stones.

VOGUE SUPPLEMENT

FEBRUARY 25, 1893

SOCIETY

Washington's Birthday coming in the middle of this first week of Lent has made the dullness duller.

A legal holiday seems to have a very demoralizing effect upon society in general, and this particular holiday more so than any other in the year, for the country is in a state to be avoided just now.

The Dog Show has been the salvation of all, for there was a place where all could meet, and then, too, it is quite the thing to know all about dogs. The horse show was in a faint degree recalled to people's minds by the numbers of smartly-dressed women and their swell cavaliers, and also by their utter absorption of each other's society and the quiet ignoring of the real object of the show.

For a day or two there was fine sleighing again, but the keen edge of novelty in this sport was lacking and the weather was unkind enough to be unbecoming; the rawness of the atmosphere giving the scarlet tinge to the nose instead of the lips and cheeks.

Lent is the time when professionals and "amateur professionals" come prominently before the public. All entertainments given now must have one or more celebrities who will dance, sing or recite. Grossmith at present seems to be the rage. At an afternoon reception he went as a guest with a certain woman who entertains a great deal and who seemed to be utterly overcome by having with her what she called a "real lion;" and she evidently regarded him in that light and kept looking at him with mingled admiration and terror. Monday evening Mrs. Hewitt gave a very delightful reception at her residence, 9 Lexington Avenue, where Grossmith recited and won well-deserved applause. The Hewitts are model hosts, and their entertainments are always exceedingly interesting for there are always sure to be present well-read as well as well-bred people. Alas! that the terms should not always be synonymous.

Mrs. F. H. Betts gave a morning musicale followed by a luncheon at her residence, 78 Irving Place on Monday. Mrs. Betts has had for many years a singing class at her house where about thirty of her friends meet and where the music is delightful.

Tuesday evening Col. and Mrs. Wm. Jay gave a dinner in their apartment, 7 East Seventy-second Street. The table decorations were extremely beautiful.

Music seems the prevailing craze just now. The three Wagner Concerts given for the benefit of the Orthopaedic Hospital were crowded to the extreme limit of Carnegie Hall. The evening performance was like an opera night, for almost identically the same faces were present in the boxes and the toilettes were very elaborate.

Miss de Forest and Miss Callender gave their friends still another treat at their musicale Friday, when Mr. Franz Rummel, Mr. Henri Marteau, Mr. Fischer Powers and Miss Blanche Taula were the artists. Miss de Forest and Miss Callender have certainly given their friends an immense amount of pleasure this winter.

Sewing-classes are of course in full blast. The same ones that have met for many years are still in existence. Mrs. Frederic Neilson and Mrs. Charles Oelrichs have started a new one which will meet every Friday morning during Lent.

In no way are the many different sets in New York better defined than at these same sewing classes which are supposed to be composed of intimate friends. The attendance is very regular, for though the fine imposed for absence is very small, the dread of being discussed by all her intimate friends will take many a woman out of a sick-bed and through a heavy storm.

The "class" has been in existence nearly fifteen years. Many of the members have married, but they still continue in the class. The camel who could get through the eye of the needle, the rich man who might get into the kingdom of heaven, could never get inside these sacred precincts. There is a waiting list composed of the very *crème de la crème*, who cannot hope to enter unless an epidemic should wipe out the original members, for, without the consent of all, no newcomer can enter, and it goes without saying that it is hard to find twenty-five women to agree upon any one point. Still, say what we will, these same classes do a bit of work and turn out many garments for the needy poor during the six weeks of Lent.

As a rest to the physical exertion entailed by the sewing, there have been ten other classes organized. One where a reader is hired to read aloud all the principal topics of the day as seen in the newspapers. The class was behindhand one week, so at the current meeting the Panama canal scandal will be the topic.

The Meadowbrook Club which has recently elected Mr. Frank Gray Griswold to the position of M. F. H. in place of Mr. Thomas Hitchcock, will soon be the centre of gayety in the hunting-set. The Laniers, the Birds, the Smith-Haddens, the Van Rensselaer-Kennedys and the many other young people who live at Hempstead lead a very jolly life. There is a dinner given every evening at one or other of the houses, so that, as one gay matron says, she never has to be at home more than one evening in the week. Until the frost is out of the ground there can be no hunting, but spring will soon be here and then for a jolly time. Mr. Thomas Hitchcock, Jr., who was formerly master, has since his marriage to Miss Eustis, spent much of his time at Pride's Crossing or South. He is greatly missed by his many friends, still Mr. Griswold is a universal favorite and undoubtedly all will go well under his management.

Mrs. Arthur Dodge has sent out cards for a musicale next Wednesday. Mrs. Dodge's musicales are always eagerly looked forward to, for she invariably provides some rare treat.

The Knickerbocker Bowling and Badminton Clubs have both held their regular meetings this week. The places are crowded, and this bids fair to be even more successful a season than last. The list of the fortunate ones elected to fill vacancies has been published in every paper of the land, to, if possible, intensify the importance of the clubs, and the consequent progress upward of the waiting list has had a decidedly encouraging effect upon the patient watchers. All things come round to him who will but wait; but this waiting is very hard, for one may become too old and stiff before the happy moment arrives.

The theatre clubs are flourishing. Miss McAllister's and Miss Pell's meet every week, and afterward there is a supper given by the chaperone of the party.

COMING EVENTS

Saturday, February 25th.—De Camman's Riding Class.
Badminton.
Monday, February 27th.—Mrs. William H. Osgood, 10
West Twentieth Street. Reception.
Mrs. John C. Westervelt, Miss Westervelt, 7 West
Fiftieth Street. Musicales.
Mrs. Paul Thébaud, 119 East Thirty-fourth Street.
Last reception.
Fencers' Club, 8 West Twenty-eighth Street.
Evening reception.
Tuesday, February 28th.—Mrs. W. L. Bull, 413 Fifth
Avenue. Last reception.
Mrs. Willard P. Ward, Miss Ward, Miss Niles,
154 West Fifty-eighth Street. Last reception.
Mrs. William C. Egleston, 19 West Fifty-sixth
Street. Reception.
Mrs. Frederic Goodridge, Miss Goodridge, 250
Fifth Avenue. Reception.
Wednesday, March 1st.—Mrs. Richard Irvin, 12 West
Thirty-sixth Street. French Reading.
Knickerbocker Bowling Club.
Thursday, March 2d.—Mrs. Samuel F. Barger, 192 Mad-
ison Avenue. Reading.
Thursday Evening Riding Club.
Friday, March 3d.—Miss de Forest, Miss Callender, 7
East Seventy-second Street. Evening Musicales.

SAILINGS AND ARRIVALS

Those who wish to advise their friends of intended departure are informed that statements for this department of Vogue should reach the office not later than Monday noon of the week of issue.

Sailed from New York, S. S. Gallia, February 18, 1893.
—Mr. Wm. De Ford, Mr. Frank Key Howard, Mr. S. B. James.

Sailed from New York, S. S. La Bourgogne, February, 18, 1893.—Mrs. C. Cleveland Hoyt, Mrs. A. C. Hamilton, Mrs. J. A. McAndrew, Mrs. Gilliat Schroeder, Miss Salina Schroeder, Mr. W. F. Schroeder.

RECEIVING DAYS

The purpose of this department is to provide a remedy for the non-receipt of cards through errors and accidental omissions in visiting lists, postal errors, etc.

MONDAY

Mrs. Henry G. Marquand, 11 East Sixty-eighth Street.
Mrs. Harold Godwin, 814 Madison Avenue.
Mrs. Henry Galbraith Ward, 816 Madison Avenue.
Mrs. Frances Schroeder, Miss Schroeder, 27 East Thirty-first Street.
Mrs. F. M. Barr, 220 Madison Avenue.
Mrs. A. Brevoort Bristol, 220 Madison Avenue.
Mrs. Charles Ingersoll, Hotel Marlborough.

TUESDAY

Mrs. Auguste Noël, Miss Noël, 109 Waverly Place.
Miss J. D. Ogden, 9 East Thirty-fifth Street.
Mrs. William C. Egleston, 19 West Fifty-sixth Street.
Mrs. George T. Adey, 13 West Forty-eighth Street.
Miss Leary, 90 Fifth Avenue.
The Misses Babcock, 636 Fifth Avenue.

WEDNESDAY

Mrs. William A. Perry, Miss Perry, 23 East Thirty-eighth Street.

THURSDAY

Mrs. Daniel F. Appleton, 28 East Thirty-sixth Street.
Mrs. Pierre Lorillard, Miss Lorillard, 389 Fifth Avenue.
Mrs. Barger, Miss Barger, 230 Madison Avenue.
Mrs. Gasper Griswold, 14 West Twenty-first Street.
Mrs. Elliot C. Cowdin, Miss Cowdin, 14 West Twenty-first Street.

FRIDAY

Mrs. Richard Hunt, 2 Washington Square, N.
Mrs. Robert Sturgis, 152 East Thirty-eighth Street.
Mrs. Cooper, 12 Washington Square, N.
Mrs. Charles A. Post, 21 Washington Square, N.
Mrs. Alfred de Castro, 19 West Fiftieth Street.

LONDON

(From Our Own Correspondent)

THE CHARITY CONCERT TO WHICH THE ASTORS LENT THEIR HOUSE BUT TO WHICH THEY DID NOT LEND THEIR PRESENCE

THE "charity" event of the week,—and alas, we have come to this dreariest form of amusement, so absolutely dull and unprofitable is the present moment,—was the concert at 18 Carlton House Terrace, on Saturday last, "kindly lent" by Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Astor for the afternoon, in aid of the "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children,"—which realized something like \$1,000 by the enterprise. The audience was scarcely a brilliant one, and certainly not smart, the only "inner-inner" one being the American Duchess of Manchester, who had worked indefatigably in the cause. She looked extremely handsome in a long cloak to her feet, made with three small supplementary capes bordered with astrakhan, and a close-fitting crape bonnet, the regulation widow's veil falling behind, fastened by tiny jet pins. The inner circle was also represented by the Hon. Mrs. Stephen Coleridge, step-daughter-in-law to the present young Lady Coleridge, one of the prettiest of Anglo-American grande dames. Mrs. Stephen Coleridge is by conviction and practice an ardent philanthropist. Fair, young, and rather pretty, she dresses her rôle to perfection, and on Saturday was conspicuous in her efforts to remain unobserved. She wore a cloak of Quaker gray, the shoulder capes of which were edged with sable, and a tiny hood-shaped bonnet, trimmed with the same fur, tied tightly down over her straying blonde locks. A most business like black bag hung on her arm, bristling with papers anent her favorite fad, the society which was being especially benefited that afternoon. I also noticed Mlle. Bricka, lady-in-waiting to Princess May of Teck,—of course still wearing complimentary mourning,—who came with Mrs. Morgan Richards, looking handsome in a Worth cloak of black ondine silk lined in a pale petunia shade, and wearing the royal duchess's New Year's gift, an enameled pansy set in diamonds. With her also was pretty Mrs. George Martin of New York, charmingly dressed, as usual, and Miss de Grasse Stevens in a cloth costume of the new amethyst color, and a "picture hat."

The programme was beyond criticism, two of the performers being American artists who have already won their fame on the English lyric stage—Miss Esther Palliser and Mr. David Bispham, a nephew of the clever animal painter, who made his mark in Ivanhoe. He is now one of the Covent Garden Royal Opera Company. Miss Palliser looked prettier than ever, and really she is very pretty and unaffected, and sang, of course, charmingly. First the Serenade Venetienne, by Svendsen, and secondly two quite new ballads, A Spring Lyric, and The Milkmaid, accompanied by the composer, Miss Blanche Horlocke, a pictur-

esque, dark-haired girl. Miss Palliser is never remarkable for good dressing, but on this occasion she looked very nice in a smart little gown of pale rayée silk, the sleeves of écru guipure lace held at wrist and elbow by true lovers' knots of turquoise blue ribbon, and a wide-brimmed black hat which set off the dainty outlines of her face to perfection. Mr. Bispham made himself very effective in two of MacKenzie's songs—Fair is my Love, and An Old Irish Wheel. The great event of the programme, however, was, of course, the appearance of Miss Ellen Terry in her own special one-act comedy, Nance Oldfield, in which her handsome son, Gordon Craig, plays the lover to his still handsomer mother. Never, even at the Lyceum, did the dainty little drama run with greater spirit or success. The actors one and all—there are but four—entered heart and soul into the performance, notwithstanding the cramped proportions of the stage, and the decidedly amateur properties, and played up enthusiastically to Miss Terry's lead. Mr. Alfred Bishop, Mr. Gordon Craig and inimitable Miss Kate Phillips carrying all before them.

Mr. and Mrs. Astor were conspicuous by their absence. They gave their newly acquired mansion to the charity, but they preferred to remain in aristocratic seclusion at Cleredon, the lonely riverside estate of the Duke of Westminster—paradise of all royal honeymooners—which they have leased for some months, pending their probable purchase of the Manchester town residence in Mayfair, from the present Duchess of Devonshire, or the furnishing of their Carlton House Terrace mansion, only lately the hospitable home of Baron de Murietta. At present it is as bare as a tomb and quite as chilly: a barren waste of gold and white walls, marble staircases and resounding echoes. By a curious coincidence the last sale of the De Murietta objets d'art and pictures, took place at Christie's at the precise time of Mrs. Astor's charity entertainment in the rooms they once had made luxurious and beautiful.

Smart London has had a great shock in the clandestine marriage of Lady Lilian Fitz-Clarence,—and by the way, do you know that the prefix of "Fitz" indicates a strain of Royal blood somewhere?—Lady Lilian is the oldest daughter—she is only twenty—of the present Earl of Munster. She is rather pretty but not in the least clever, and was only "introduced" at last May's drawing-room. Her mother, Lady Munster, has a leaning toward a literary career, and is altogether a person of fads. Lady Lilian was chaperoned almost entirely during the season either by her brothers or Mrs. Campbell Walker. She has married a Captain Boyd, who while in the Guards was known as "Gentleman Boyd"—for many reasons. The engagement was made at the last Inniskillings' Ball, and Lady Lilian at once announced it to her family. They naturally objected; but she took the law into her own hands and was married privately on the 17th, returning home immediately after. A week later she confessed her disobedience, was forgiven, and the happy married lovers started off forthwith on their delayed honeymoon.

This little social on dit is as nothing, however, compared to the last theatrical dénouement, in which Miss Marie Yoke the new (?) American prima donna, and Lord Francis Hope, play the leading parts. Miss Yoke drives a victoria in the Park, has a house in the West End, and displays some very beautiful diamonds; considering all of which a certain duke, not long ago a Benedict himself, exhibits decided uneasiness. A noble lover has been for time immemorial a rightful stage perquisite; but the right of calling such an ami intime by the petit name of "Daddy" is surely a fin de siècle privilege, reserved, apparently for Miss Yoke. And apropos of things theatrical, the latest "stage" engagement is that of Mr. Huntley McCarthy,—the only son of Justin McCarthy, the anti-Parnellite member,—to Miss Jenoure

also of the Lyric Theatre. Miss Jenoure has made her own fame, and worked her way up from a chorus soprano at the Savoy to a leading prima donna of the Lyric school. Mr. Huntley McCarthy was previously engaged to the daughter of Mr. Toole, who died some two years ago.

The report as to a Russian-Anglo alliance is confirmed to-day by the official announcement of the Czarewitch's visit this week to Berlin, when his engagement to Princess Alix of Hesse will be formally given out. Princess Alix is the favorite grand-daughter of the Queen and the youngest daughter of the late Princess Alice. Her brother, the present Grand Duke of Hesse, is to marry Princess Feodora, of Schleswig-Holstein, his cousin. Diane.

DESCRIPTION OF PLATES

THe corsage (page 159) is of cream colored mousseline de soie with full sleeves of the same reaching to the elbow. A row of marten fur surmounting a deep ruffle of cream colored lace forms the trimming. The skirt is of ivory satin and is made in the sloping shape of 1830. It has two flounces, or, rather, two skirts overlapping each other, and each trimmed with a row of marten.

The mantle worn by the figure in the background is of heliotrope velvet, made with wide sloping gores, and trimmed with Canada fur.

The girl upon the sofa (page 158), wears a simple house gown of mignonette colored cashmere, made with round skirt and a blouse-like bodice confined at the waist by a ribbon of pale blue satin fastened in front and with long floating ends. She has a fichu of blue chiffon gathered full at the neck and embroidered on the edges. A little lace collar finishes the neck, and the sleeves, full at the top, are tight to the arm from elbow to wrist.

The young man is in evening dress and wears a black waistcoat.

An evening gown is shown on page 169. It is of shell pink satin made with a train, and with sufficient fullness to give the skirt a decided outward slope. It is trimmed around the bottom with a ruche of maroon velvet lined with pink satin, and put on with a gold cord through the centre. The bodice is low and is trimmed with coquilles of white lace. It is simply made, and finished with a narrow girdle from which hangs a fringe of pink pearls. A little low-necked Empire jacket of maroon velvet with balloon sleeves is worn over the gown. The edges of the jacket are embroidered in gold. In the hair is an aigrette of pink ribbons and gold sprays.

The figure at the prie-dieu, page 161, is charmingly dressed in a gown of black satin with some gold embroidery on the girdle and at the wrists. Her jabot is of soft white lace and is just visible through the opening of the long princesse coat of dark violet velvet, made with large full sleeves and lined with silk of a lighter shade. Her collar, cuffs and muff are of sable. The large hat of black felt is lined with violet velvet and trimmed with black feathers.

The severe and conventional riding habit and stove-pipe hat are rarely worn by our daring cross-country riders. More picturesque styles prevail as will be seen on page 165. Short narrow skirts and covert coats cut away over waistcoats of a different material are usually worn, and the principal figure in this drawing has a skirt of light drab with brown covert coat opening over a white linen shirt front with high collar. Her hair is drawn compactly in a small knot at the back of her head and she wears a brown Derby hat.

The lovely maiden (frontispiece picture), talking through the medium of Cupid, to the young man, wears an Empire gown of embroidered gauze in the palest shade of rose. The sleeves, in balloon shape, are of the same material. The opera cloak, with triple cape, is of silver gray velvet lined with white satin, and trimmed with white fur. Her blond hair is

worn high and a twist of pink velvet is passed around the knot and tied in a little pointed bow in front.

The young man in evening dress has coat and trousers of soft black cheviot, a little rough of surface and with lapels lined with black satin. He has a white waistcoat and white lawn tie with butterfly bow. His boutonniere is of white carnations with a knot of violets in the centre.

The young man (page 164) wears the white waistcoat so much affected by the youth of the present day. His coat and trousers are of black cheviot, which is not as smooth of surface as the diagonal cloth still worn by older men. His collar is straight and high, and his tie has a plain, severe bow without ends. The gloves are pale gray stitched with black. Patent leather pumps and black silk stockings complete the costume.

At the top of page 160 the half length figure wears an Empire ball gown of pale mauve mousseline de soie with threads of gold running through it; puffed sleeves, and corsage draped with the same drawn together in a rosette or bow in the centre; narrow mauve velvet tied around the throat, and a bow of the same in the hair.

BRACELETS.—The very charming bracelets shown on page 172 are purchasable of Tiffany & Co.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICES

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